

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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Editorial

*Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.*
—Emerson.

AN indication of the tendency of the times is found in this clipping from an exchange:

The several Protestant pastors of Woonsocket, R. I., unite in the publication of a paper, the "Church Herald." The Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Universalist ministers take each a department of the paper and devote that department to the affairs of the church designated. The paper, of eight pages, thus made up, goes into the families of all the five parishes.

Why not other towns also? "Go thou and do likewise!"

It will be well for the railroads of this country if they reflect before it is too late that there is to be a "day after the Fair." In obstinately refusing to join with the management and the public in an attempt to give to the Exposition its highest potency they are acting the part of the dog in the manger. The rising feeling among thinking people, that the public has rights as regards these great necessary franchises of transportation and natural monopolies, will inevitably be emphasized. It will take a great many free passes to silence coming legislators concerning the rights of railroads, rights of travelers, and kindred subjects. These legislators will surely point to the experiences during the World's Fair year as arguments germane to the question.

OUR readers will be more than sorry to learn that the devoted missionary of the liberal faith in Dakota, Miss Helen G. Putman, has lost everything but her clothing in the disastrous fire which recently devastated Jamestown. Books, pictures, furniture, lantern and slides, tracts, etc., are all gone, yet in a letter to a friend this brave woman writes that for herself she has nothing but thankfulness in her heart, since in even saving her clothing she was more fortunate than some of her neighbors.

UNITY is blessed with the love of many a venerable reader. It finds it hard to keep up in progressive thought and aggressive rationalism with the piety of applied religion of several youthful octogenarians on its list. Miss Anne W. Abbot, of Cambridge, Mass., sister of the learned and lamented Professor Ezra Abbot, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, sends us her annual contribution to our work, with her never failing words of cheer; while Mrs. Sarah R. Barnard, of Worcester, Mass.,

sends in her own handwriting her greeting to the editor, with interesting items of the life about her and the life behind her, from the high altitudes of the ninety-third year. Such serenity from such heights beckons us forward with cheer and courage.

A MOST suggestive story is told of a German artist of note who painted a lovely picture and sold it for a high price to an American collector on condition that no one should own a duplicate. The artist reserved the right of painting one for himself. This he brought and placed on exhibition in the Fine Art collection at the World's Fair. The picture was a lovely one; and it tempted purchasers. And the artist was solicited to sell it at a high price. He needed the money. The temptation was great, and for fear that in a weak moment he might yield, and thus violate the contract with his former purchaser, he with his own hand drew his knife through the coveted canvas. This is a true story, as the slit in the canvas, which any one may see, in the German collection, testifies. This is one way of praying "Lead us not into temptation."

THE recent history of the city of Detroit shows what an earnest, determined man can accomplish for municipal reform. A few of the things Mayor Pingree has accomplished are the reduction of the price of gas from \$1.25 to \$1.06, which is all the conditions of the companies' franchises permit; the proper assessment of property in the case of great corporations, two extensive car-shops which had been taxed on a valuation of \$200,000 having had the assessment raised to \$2,000,000; the defeat of the street-car monopoly by the veto of the bill to renew its franchise unconditionally; and the exposure of the bribery by which the electric light monopoly obtained a renewal of its contract, by means of which

he has set in motion a project for the city to take this matter into its own hands. Would that the great cities of New York and Chicago had a Mayor Pingree at their heads!

**

THE letter book of the senior editor contains over five hundred letters,—many of them lengthy ones, requiring much thought,—written since the first of January last concerning the matters related to the cause represented by UNITY. This has been in addition to the prior obligations involved in his duties as pastor and editor. And still there lies in his letter-crate now and always a large stack of "unattended correspondence" awaiting the time to attend to the same. Perhaps some of these neglected correspondents may share in the indignation of the one who thus releases his feelings on a postal card:

When a gentleman of "our liberal faith" writes to another, evidently the writer is quite entitled to a *reply*, however brief. This I think squares with the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN doctrine about which some make such theatrical thunder!

To all this we can only give humble assent and plead guilty to the breach. Regretting the tyrannical limitations, we can only go on believing in and preaching the Brotherhood of Man, however far we may fall short of the demands of the same. We must continue to crave the indulgence of our unanswered, though ever welcome and ever solicited, correspondents.

"SHALL WE PREACH THE WHOLE TRUTH?"

Our readers are already informed of the fact that C. H. Kerr & Co., of this city, have put forth a volume of the sermons of our lamented yoke-fellow, Henry Doty Maxson. The volume is a memorial one, published by the Menomonie parish. But it is one which ought to reach far beyond the limits of personal acquaintanceship and the pastoral bond which that acquaintanceship always established. The editing from stenographic notes by Mr. Blake is done with the greatest care, and with the admirable judgment and literary skill which characterizes all of Mr. Blake's work.

The biographical sketch by Mr. Simmons is admirable for loving clearness. It tells the story of a hero of thought. It shows how romantic the life of the student may be, in the highest sense of the word.

But the work of these two brethren is but fitting introduction to the fifteen sermons that follow. And we can do nothing more consonant with our own feeling, and more satisfactory to our readers this week, than to let our dear comrade and fellow-laborer occupy his old position on the editorial staff of UNITY and let him furnish the leader this week from the sermon found in the book with the above caption.

"What do you think, my boy," asked the mother who was teaching Johnny his Sunday-school lesson, "what do you think Lot did when he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar of salt?" "I don't know, mamma; I spec' he wondered where he could get a fresh one." A fresh wife is better than a pillar of salt, even though not so durable. It is not the highest compliment to say that a doctrine has been preserved unchanged through the ages. When a doctrine crystallizes in such shape that it will keep just as it is forever, it is high time to turn from the traditions of the past to the visions of the present; high time to seek a fresh statement that shall draw its warrant from the eternal "I am." We are doing the people a sorry service if we withhold from their life the larger truth of to-day.

We are often enjoined not to proclaim a new truth until the time is ripe for it. How do times ripen? Not by a man's postponing the utterances of his fresh thought until other men begin to think as he does; but by a man's promptly proclaiming his fresh thought and thus helping make other men think as he does. "The highest truth a wise man sees, he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world, knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well."

Human progress is not an unconscious growth, with which individual human beings have nothing to do; human progress is a conscious growth with which individual human beings have everything to do. Would you have the times ripe for your new thought? Proclaim that new thought and so help ripen them. Thus did Jesus, in defiance of the impending cross. Thus did Socrates, with the deadly hemlock ready for his lips. Thus have done all great souls who have faithfully played their

part in the world. When is it your duty to utter a new truth? Just as soon as you discover that new truth. When will your neighbor be helped by hearing that new truth? Just as soon as he can comprehend that new truth.

How then shall we find out when he can understand our belief and when therefore we shall preach that belief? Try him. Proclaim it, and leave the outcome with the Eternal. If we can effect the change we aim at in the Hindu creed, well; if not, well also, though not so well. A doctrine is of service to a man only so long as it remains the largest expression of truth that he can comprehend.

George MacDonald once said, "The hell which a lie will keep a man from is doubtless the best place for him to go to." Perhaps MacDonald was right. Perhaps the only heaven worth living in is a heaven reached along the pathway of truth.

You remember that in the "Old Town Fireside Stories" we are told of the mishap that befell old Parson Morrell. Once during the long prayer in the morning service, the good preacher, who "hed a way o' prayin' with his eyes open," happening to look through the window into the open ground around the meeting-house, was convulsed with merriment on seeing the havoc that a certain horned beast of the field was making with his most respected deacon. This was a pretty heinous offense, that the minister should break out into laughter in the middle of the prayer. A council of the church was called to try the case, and this was in substance their verdict: "There hedn't no temptation took Parson Morrell but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterwards allers to pray with his eyes shet." This is the common practice. When we meditate on the deep things of life we close our eyes lest we see something that may unsettle our faith. I would stimulate that larger faith which shall fit us to stand in God's presence with our eyes wide open; that larger faith which shall nerve the tongue to proclaim what the eye hath seen.

The Chinese have a legend about a company of people who were to shout in unison, and each one kept still that he might hear the others. Is man to find the truth? Then men must find it. Is man to hear the

truth? Then must men proclaim it. May we all be quickened with a sense of that duty which belongs to each one of us to give to our neighbors the best, the largest, the truest thought that is in us, remembering that if we can arouse some slumbering soul to catch that thought 'tis well; if not, well also, but not so well.

H. D. M.

THE LITTLE ONES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

What shall we do with the little ones in Sunday school? The Unitarian Sunday School Society in Boston is bravely answering that question this summer with four new answers, each one good.

One is Mrs. Jaynes' "Lessons on the Old Testament." Thirty-six of the famous old stories are told in child-like words that make pictures even without the help of the wood cut that each story is provided with. They are all the better as a tool for not being bound together,—each lesson is a separate leaflet. And they are honest stories, because not told as true ones; for instance, of the Creation account,—“You must remember it is *only* a story, but many people have believed it a true story, and, although we know it is not true, it is very beautiful, and we love it because it shows us how much those old Jews loved and trusted God.” Of the Moses stories,—“They are not true, children, but they are as interesting as any fairy stories I ever read.” The price is only 15 cents,—which perhaps means that good friends have given the plates outright to the Society; and at a guess we thank them! We know no better kind of missionary work than to make good Sunday-school publications cheap. Each such publication should have, besides the author, a pocket-book friend behind it, who may feel, “This is also my seed-sowing.”

“Childhood's Morning,” by Elizabeth G. Mumford, tells teachers and mothers how to be *Sunday kindergartners* and draw out the things of the spirit from objects, as Jesus, “the first (?) kindergartner,” did. This is a thin, square book (50 cents; in paper covers, 40 cents), containing twenty-five or thirty lessons, besides a few songs and poems and short opening and closing services. The lessons are on the hand, foot, face, etc.; snow-flakes, seeds, fruits, Easter lilies, our country's flag, etc.;

Moses, Samuel, David, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, etc. In each lesson we find ourselves *inside* a kindergarten, listening to a pleasant teacher, watching bright-faced children, seeing how the thing is done. It is all admirably told.

The other two consist of cards conveyed and admired by a little book. The prettier of the two is called “Sunday Helps for Little People,” by Alice C. Dockham and Lucy F. Gerish. This has thirty-eight cards, each one a tinted picture framed in bright border, with room to write a motto underneath the picture. For each subject (“Love,” “Truth,” “Kindness,” etc.) twelve mottoes are given in the book, from which the teacher can make choice. The plan is to divide the little ones into three classes according to age, and to each child give a card on which the teacher has written out one motto; three mottoes sufficing for a whole class, and the three classes, though using different mottoes, having all one subject. These mottoes are to be talked over and illustrated by stories and learned by heart. Each child is also to have a blank book in which he pastes his cards in due order, to be ready for reviews. Many of the pictures are prettier than half the Christmas cards we buy, and the mottoes simple and suggestive. The two authors must know the child-mind well, and must have worked long to have made their work so good. Only we should not have taught “Patience” by a *fish* picture—if that is what the little fellow is about. These thirty-eight cards cost 25 cents; a dozen sets, \$2.50; and the book, 20 cents.

“Little Thoughts Made Larger” is by Lizzie C. Estey and Clara K. Daley. Here are no less than three sets of tinted cards (no pictures), twenty in each, intended for the three grades of little ones. In the smallest pack (10 cents) the cards hold a single short motto; in the middle-sized pack (12 cents) they hold the same motto and one more; in the largest (15 cents) these two mottoes with a third. So again the three classes of little children are both graded and unified, and can all take part together in the blackboard work and the “general lessons,” which are sketched out to fit each subject in the little book (30 cents) that goes with the cards. It is again good work by experts,—experts who tell

us: “It has been our experience that the children can comprehend the highest truths, if applied (by themselves in the course of the story-telling) and illustrated by their little experiences.”

This is only what the Boston Sunday School Society is doing for the *little* folks this year. For the older classes it offers other new and good work.

W. C. G.

Men and Things

DR. CARL VON BERGEN, of Stockholm, Sweden, the eminent scholar and orator who is to address the psychical congress and the congress of religions, is now in Chicago, and called at UNITY's office one day last week.

It is estimated that Australian rabbits destroy annually \$5,500,000 worth of crops. A good illustration, this, of how innocence, helplessness and stupidity in their aggregations may, when misdirected, become great pests.

THE enthusiastic reception which Rev. Mary L. Leggett, the Unitarian minister of Green Harbor, Mass., received upon her return from a six months' trip to Europe for her health, would seem to be satisfactory evidence that woman is in her right place in the ministry.

ONE of the interesting things at the Columbian Exposition is the album of women ministers, for which photographs have been solicited and contributed, which is to be found in the Organization Room of the Women's Building, in the space for the Federation of Women's Clubs.

THE recent death of Sir Thomas Martineau, thrice Mayor of Birmingham, son of Robert Martineau, who had also been Mayor of the city, and nephew of James and Harriet Martineau, brings to mind the power and virility of that distinguished Huguenot family. While the fame of the two last named has been so great as largely to eclipse that of other living members, yet in English publications one is continually hearing of the Martineaus.

AUGUST is not a very good time to tell a snow-storm story, but for fear this scissoring will have passed from the editorial drawer in snow time, we give it now. And then it may not be a bad time to tell it when it will cool. August heats by means of the imagination. The story has the peculiar charm of being essentially true, as those conversant with the traditions of the good Doctor know.

The Rev. Dr. Gannett, the eminent associate of Channing as minister of Arlington Street Church, having returned from home on some important errand, was so buffeted by the storm and the driving north wind, that he lost his way, and sank on a doorstep on one of the side streets not far from that of his residence.

Here he was fortunately seen by a passing teamster, who, with some difficulty—the Doctor was very lame—got him into his wagon. The Good Samaritan was entirely ignorant as to the identity of the man he had rescued, and when after no little effort the clergyman came to his senses, these were the first words that greeted his ears: “Look here, you unlucky customer, do you know, if I hadn't happened to go through M—street you'd have been in h—half an hour ago!”

LEARN to live, and live to learn:
Ignorance like fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

—Bayard Taylor.

Contributed and Selected

MORAL BEAUTY.

Thou who art vowed to beauty—who
dost know
Thy being's end in the uplifting swell
That sweeps thee to the height of lyric
spell,
Or merges thee in master-music's
flow,—
Oft when thou feel'st thy far-touched
spirit grow
To mystic union with the Power, a
knell
Clangs sudden on thy sense: "The
burden fell
Of years shall crush thy bliss with
weight of woe."
Not thus! feebly the goddess grace is
known
To him who thinks but so. Her deepest
thrill
Hath power to shake the dying;
changeless still
Christ on the cross, Aurelius on the
throne,
Thy fellow's generous deed: such lord-
ship own,
And years with mightier wine thy cup
shall fill.

MARIAN MEAD.

THE TRAGIC SIDE OF HUMOR.

American humor is *sui generis*. Not that bastard brand of the Spoonen-dike order, which is not humor but buffoonery, which is no more American than English or German. The true American humor is subtle and dry—extra dry. To have it is to know it. While the uninitiate listen with contempt or stupid wonder to the rapid play of thought, often cynical, always quaint, pithy, condensed like steam under pressure, these men chaffing so lightly, the thin smile flickering about thin lips, know that it is their way of snapping fingers at fate. They have faced her and dare her worst. They are like the red man at the stake who chooses to go down with a smile belying his agony.

There is something sublime in this, none the less because it is an everyday affair. More than the taciturn endurance of the Spartan, more than the cynicism of the Roman, more than the fatalism of the Oriental, it nevertheless contains a dash of each. It is comparatively easy to endure pain or disappointment with sullen defiance, or to vent an impotent rage in cynic sarcasm; easy to yield to the inevitable, to fold hands and say, "It is fate." But what is this? Not merely to take toil and trouble without a whimper, not merely to dare disaster without a quiver, but to do and dare all with a "don't care" jest, so that the superficial observer shall say, "He is too frivolous to feel or suffer deeply." The defeated Roman thrust a sword into his vitals; many so-called philoso-

phers have sought surcease with noose or poison; the American flicks his cigar-ash, cracks a joke, and passes on.

History can show plenty of individual examples of laughing in the face of fate; women in particular can mask the heart-ache with the smile. But, however well a woman may bear up on exhibition, when alone or with familiars she must relieve her overstrained nerves with the luxury of a burst of grief. Not so the tragic humorist. His gayety is assumed, not merely for the world's deception, but to deceive himself. Like Virgil's hero, "he crowds deep down the sorrow in his heart." He says, "Who cares?" and he doesn't care, except to fight the harder. He schools himself to a jesting stoicism that he may cheat his own heart. By a correlation of mental forces the pressure of disappointment or the friction of trouble is transmuted into new heat and energy of action.

This mental attitude is something new under the sun, in that it characterizes so many men of this country as to have won for itself the distinctive title of American humor. Even American women do not understand or appreciate it, much less can foreigners. The latter are generally too matter-of-fact. They are like those very worthy people, themselves Americans, who were shocked at Abraham Lincoln's levity, and thought him almost imbecile, because he would persist in joking in the greatest crises. He was a most striking illustration of the truth that American humor is a child of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and they who knew him not despised and rejected him for it. Shallow themselves, they could not understand how his great heart fought off its overwhelming load of care with quaint jest and quainter story.

American humor is masculine, not feminine. Women are not stupid, yet they do not appreciate this style of humor; simply because they are not made that way. Woman, being an idealist, never attains that perfect *sang froid* which is the first essential. However many of her dolls she may have tearfully seen emptied of their sawdust, she still hopes against hope that some time, some day, she shall find one which will not betray. Her idols are sacred, she fights for them as a mother for her child, and when they are broken she is as Rachel. She mourns, and calls on all to mourn or be anathema. A jest is profanation. A woman who can lose faith in all her ideals is lost herself. But the man may go on the same to outward seeming, except that his smile is a little grimmer, his jest a trifle more bitter. His last ideal—as his first—is simply to be a MAN.

Many imagine that the American humorist is just a jolly joker; but the deep-hued features, the keen, steady eye, and the frequent irony tell a different story. His humor is an after-glow in the ashes of burned-out hopes. He has learned the hol-

lowness of things, and has resolved to make the best of a bad business. Many matters for which other people get excited and are ready to fight at the drop of the hat, he regards with cool contempt as purely questions of individual opinion to which each has an equal right. This indifference is often carried so far that he tolerates political and other abuses which should be promptly suppressed. But any one who rashly assumes that for this reason he lacks stamina will discover the mistake to his cost. He is a curious cross between idle and earnest, the terrible tenacity of the Saxon veneered with the "gayety" of the Gaul. The war of the great rebellion showed how American jokers could fight.

What is the source of this national trait? It is one current of that stream of indomitable independence which we are so fond of tracing far back, until lost in the windings of countless rivulets of heredity and environment. In casting off both priest and king the American character acquired a breezy self-reliance which refuses to bow to any power of earth or air. Encompassed by wild and strange conditions, by the marvels of nature in her most whimsical moods, himself working wonders in defiance of all rule and precedent, how could the American fail to respond to the challenge of all his environment by a fancy bold and original, even grotesque! No wonder, too, that he pierces with eagle-gance the shams which others worship. Yet in all his optimistic pessimism there is a mingling of philosophy and pride. He knows what can't be cured must be endured, and his pride forbids him to make faces about it; he puts the best face on it with a joke, which helps him to bear his own burden and others to bear theirs, and thus without intending it he becomes a public benefactor.

American humor is the best substitute yet found for Christian fortitude. It takes no thought for the morrow and lets the dead past bury its dead. In some respects it is superior. The New England fathers had plenty of the fortitude but none of the humor; a keen sense of the ridiculous would have saved them from some folly and evil. Many very good people nowadays also take life altogether too seriously; they allow troubles to bow them down like a spring which has lost all resilience. How much better to come up smiling every time fortune floors you.

"For every trouble under the sun
There is a cure, or there is none.
If there is a cure, find it;
If there is none, never mind it."

The danger of American humor lies on the side of cynicism. The man who has learned by sad experience the hollowness of the material world is in danger of assuming therefrom the hollowness of the spiritual. He fails to see that the vanity of the material is the legitimate result of neglecting the spiritual, and the

strongest possible argument in favor of cultivating the latter. This is the lesson of life which the world is ever learning, ever forgetting.

R. W. CONANT, M. D.

Chicago, Ills.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

[The following letter, sent to us by a friendly hand, is always timely. It was written when the great preacher was an exiled invalid, in response to sympathetic words forwarded to him by representatives of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood.—ED.]

TO THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA:

Dear Friends—Your kindly letter of the first of Sixth month, signed by your Clerks, Joseph A. Dugdale, Elizabeth Jackson, and Oliver Johnson—persons well known and highly esteemed—reached me but yesterday, for it was long delayed in Paris. Let me now, from a full heart, thank you for your generous expression of such sympathy and regard. In these times, when a difference of theological opinions so often hinders all feelings of human brotherhood, your words come to me full of sweetness and encouragement. How pleasant it is to find Religion without Bigotry, Devotion to God with no hatred of his children!

Once I intended and promised to speak also to each of the other congregations of Progressive Friends, but now I think you will never again hear my voice in your Yearly Meetings; for even if I somewhat recover my health, it seems I must hereafter address men only with the pen, and no longer also with the living word. Yet I trust I shall never fail, with what powers I have, to help forward the cause of Truth and Righteousness, so dear to you all.

I kept sacred the anniversary of your last meeting, with devout gratitude for the opportunity I twice had of preaching before you what to me is far more dear than this earthly, mortal life, for the friendly reception my words found among you, and the cheering talk I had with many of you in private. The faces of the men and women I value so much came up before me and peopled the solitude of the ocean I was then sailing through, adding their human loveliness to the else mere material beauty of the sea. This year I could not gather with you at your Yearly Meeting; yet was I present in spirit and joined in your spoken or silent prayer for the Truth which shall make all men free, and for the Love that shall add its most precious blessings to all humankind.

Long may the spirit of Truth and Love, the spirit of Religion, live in your hearts, shedding its gladness and its beauty on your daily lives, while it keeps your feet in the paths of righteousness, and strengthens your hands for every duty which God demands of you.

Believe me, ever faithfully your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Montreux, Switzerland, 25th of Ninth month, 1859.

"HEATHEN" MORALS.

If you happened to have a cultivated Japanese friend who has remained in all things truly Japanese, whose character has remained untouched by the new egotism and by foreign influences, you will probably be able to study in him the particular social traits of the whole people—traits in his case exquisitely accentuated and polished. You will observe that, as a rule, he never speaks of himself, and that, in reply to searching personal questions, he will answer as vaguely and briefly as possible with a polite bow of thanks.

But, on the other hand, he will ask many questions about yourself, your opinions, your ideas; even trifling details of your daily life appear to have deep interest for him; and you will probably have occasion to note that he never forgets anything which he has learned concerning you.

Yet there are certain rigid limits to his kindly curiosity, and perhaps even to his observation; he will never refer to any disagreeable or painful matter, and he will remain absolutely blind to eccentricities or small weaknesses, if you have any. To your face he will never praise you; but he will never laugh at you nor criticise you. Indeed, you will find that he never criticises persons, but only actions in their results. As a private adviser, he will not even directly criticise a plan of which he disapproves, but is apt to suggest a new one in some such guarded language as, "Perhaps it might be more to your immediate interest to do thus and so."

Among no other civilized people is the secret of happy living so thoroughly comprehended as among the Japanese; by no other race is the truth so widely understood that our pleasure in life must depend upon the happiness of those about us, and consequently upon the cultivation in ourselves of unselfishness and of patience. For which reason, in Japanese society, sarcasm, irony, cruel wit are not indulged. I might almost say that they have no existence in refined life.

* * * The moral policy is that through which the highest and happiest results may be obtained. A foreign dweller in the interior cannot but long sometimes for the sharp, erratic inequalities of Western life, with its larger joys and pains and its more comprehensive sympathies. But sometimes only, for the intellectual loss is really more than compensated by the social charm, and there can remain no doubt, in the mind of one who fully understands the Japanese, that they are still the best people in the world to live among.

—L. Hearn, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

REAL INFLUENCE.

There are few publications that continue and increase their influence upon us throughout the varied mental

fluctuations of years. To us UNITY is such a paper. It is so because it is habitually anxious to see the truth and willing to tell the truth. Hence, it always has the *spirit* of truth—which is more to the honest reader than the mere *letter*.

It seems wildly venturesome—but hardly is so—for a paper to thus throw itself on truth for support, while sect and class and specific creed seem so necessary to success. But it happens that the only *real* success lies in advancing truth—giving folks what they *want* instead of what they *wish*. It must not be forgotten that all error and all inadequateness of view have the unreality of not being permanent. Hence, such a paper as UNITY is of more actual influence than any paper of narrow creed—no matter what its popularity or its circulation. For instance, there are preachers to-day who are read in many languages, but whose *real*, permanent influence is most trifling.

So, UNITY will continue to ignore the "shooing" of men in herds through the gaps of truth. It will make its honey indirectly by tolling the queen bee—by influencing those that influence, and by being willing to influence even those by views of life in its widest relations.

W. W. FELLOWS.

Eureka Springs, Ark.

AGE AND YOUTH.

A stranger came one day,

Sat by awhile then went his way,
And lo! my hair was gray.

"O, youth!" I cried, "what need
For one such passing word to heed?

So well we two agree,
Stay thou with me."

Alas! I spoke to empty air,
Youth was not there.

I stood alone, forlorn.

If youth were gone
Would I had ne'er been born.

Life said, "Since thou art here
Nor sigh avails nor useless tear—
Still thou hast naught to fear."

What cared I for Life's word—
The fleeting steps of Youth I heard.

Scanning the wide earth o'er,
Toward Age's door

I turned, and there in truth
Stood errant Youth.

"Behold! faint heart," he said,
"Life is a mask still half unread.

Among the dead
Thou sought'st me? Nay!

Herald of Life's new day,
I did but pass thee on thy way
To go before."

MARY H. PEABODY.

ST. GEORGE MIVART has published in the *Nineteenth Century* an essay entitled "Happiness in Hell," and as a consequence it has been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*. "So much the worse for the Church," says *The Inquirer*. "Humanity cannot stand still even at the command of the Pope and his Council."

Church-Door Pulpit

THE MYSTERY OF PROVIDENCE.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. E. M. WHEELLOCK,
OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.

"Let thy work appear."—PSALMS, xc. 16.

The idea of prov'dence is inseparable from the thought of Deity. A good God who is not also a perfect providence is inconceivable to the mind. He who creates must sustain and preserve, or his creation goes back into chaos. The marks of forethought, design, and care facing us on every side point to the care-taker. So everywhere with the belief in Deity is found belief in providence. It is a universal accompaniment of religion. It is the frequent theme of Jesus. It is a self-evident truth of the filial worshipping heart.

But while all religious faith pivots on this belief, and while the heart of man holds fast to the thought "that nothing walks with aimless feet," the intellect demurs and denies. The reason stands dumb before the terrible facts which are arrayed against the teachings of an infinite, sleepless, and perfect providential care protecting the world. Fatalities, cruelties, and wrongs confront us on every side. War and strife is the watchword of nature. A worm is at the root of every blossom. A grave opens under each cradle.

Nature with the same readiness takes her children to her bosom or clutches them by the throat; it is all the same to her. Her babes never know whether they are to be nursed or strangled. Her law is, "Let the strong devour the weak." She gives to the deer its fleetness, but gives also to the wolf the muscles of steel by which he pulls down the deer. She gives fangs to the rattlesnake as well as beauty to the humming-bird. The glare of the tiger, the spring of the leopard, the coil of the snake, the sting of the insect, are gifts from her treasury. Life begins by building a stomach; its next step is to swallow and digest its neighbor. Pain is the universal law. Wine issues from the trodden grape and iron must be blistered into steel. Nature shows no sympathy, and pity she has never felt; all her children are digestible; to eat and be eaten constitutes her eternal round. The very soil on which we tread is the infinite cemetery of lives tortured, slaughtered, burned and buried in the endless struggle for existence. The sparrow may not fall without the Heavenly Father's notice, yet it falls.

The planet is a trap and the earthquake or the cyclone soon jostle down man's card house of sentimental belief in an amiable, saccharine Providence. The survival of the fittest is nature's one and only law. The weak drop from her arms; the strong survive.

If the greatest saint in the world falls overboard from the deck of a

ship he drowns unless rescued by human hands. His prayer to be saved is never answered if it fails to reach the ear of man. Where there is no man to hear there is no providence to save. If the broken ship goes down on a lonely sea where there is no human aid the sea swallows ship and crew. The supplication flung skyward brings no divine succor, unless it sounds in a human ear and vibrates in a human heart. The common sense of the world knows this. The truth is denied only by a silly, sentimental, mawkish religionism which has shut its eyes so long to realities that it has lost the power of discerning truth.

An earthquake kills men like flies. The cholera, smallpox, pestilence cuts them off as with grapeshot. Every page of history is spattered with tears. Nero is on the throne and Jesus on the cross in every age. If the rain fails to the growing crop, or the potato bug destroys the food of an island, Providence does not interfere, and men and women are held as cheap as the rotting food for lack of which they died. In the great Bengal famine a few years ago, the prayers of starving millions of Hindus did not restore a grain of the rice harvest; but so much of earthly help as could get aboard the relief ships from London, New York, and Boston came to deliver. When the pinch comes, man learns by the sharp lessons of reality that there is no tender intervening providence on which he can call to check the tragedy of starvation, earthquake, plague, or storm. When men most need help, God seems to care for them no more than for so many mice. "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." Yes, but only when man shelters the lamb that he shears. No harsh event or cruel circumstance is ever held at bay by the compassion of Providence towards those who must bear the brunt. The cup of hurts, heart bruises, and sorrows must be drained to the last drop, even though the "Son of man" himself prays that it may pass untasted by. If we give Deity credit for the flower and the sunshine we must debit him with the storm. If he heals this sick man, to that one he sends consumption or cancer. If he is in the melting hand of charity he is also in the fist of the wife-beater. The laws of the world of nature are invariable and immutable. No prayer can turn their sharp and bitter edge. On every error waits the Nemesis. It is poetry, not reality, which says the wall of Siloam fell on the worst sinners, and that the sword of the guilty man fails in the duel. Only in poetry does the fire refuse to burn the innocent, and purity lay her hand on the fierce lion's mane. Raphael once composed a lovely picture of St. Marguerite, showing how, with no weapon but a lily, she walked safely through the yawning jaws of a dragon. That will do for romance or legend, but in real life if the holy maiden entered the

dragon's mouth she would stay there and furnish the beast with a breakfast.

On every hand, in the human world, we find hunger unfed, nakedness unclothed, weakness without protection, and misery without hope. The fields are tilled, the cities are builded, the factories are operated, by means of a life-long slavery of monotonous toil. The past of the race is knee-deep in blood, and the past of nature is black with convulsion and struggle. The heart of man continually asks the question, "Why must these things be?" Where is the divine providence? Where is he who cares for the happiness of every creature he has made?

The answer to this question is found, and the immense perplexity which environs the problem of providence disappears, when we learn the true relation which man sustains to the universe and to God. Providence is never solely a divine act. It is always divine-human, or it is nothing. Man and God are partners in every act of providence. Not God alone nor man alone, but both, concurring and active, are found in every providential deed. If either factor fails there is no result.

Providence is a compound principle, having a human as well as a divine element. The agent of every providence is man. Wherever there is help for man it comes in a human form. Deity gives nothing and helps no one directly. The distribution of all divine gifts is in human hands. The divine providence must become human before it can become active. Whenever man is redeemed it is by the work of his fellow-man, and it is done by human hearts, brains, and hands, with the God in man inspiring and impelling. No superhuman hand has ever shown itself, directly and nakedly, in the history of the world. The hand is always gloved and the glove is always man. God purposes, wills and loves; man must execute that loving will. Until he does, God waits and his providence waits. Every providential action is divine in spirit and human in expression. Human justice, human kindness and pity is all the justice, kindness and pity that we know now or ever will know. For God is in man, and is only to be seen and known in man. Thus in the government of the universe man is as needful to God as God is necessary to man. Man interprets the divine to the universe. He translates Deity. He makes God visible and audible in the external world. There is no God in the blind forces of the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire; only in the still, small voice speaking in the soul.

Outside of man we see in the universe only the clash of blind, unconscious forces. The best man of the race,—he who is fullest of the divine element, he who realizes his own inner personality,—is practically its god, and so remains until his place is wanted for a still diviner manifesta-

tion of the Highest. Thus the Odin of our grim forefathers, the Hebrew Jehovah, the Jupiter of the Romans, even the gentle Buddha of Asia, are dethroned by the crucified outcast of Galilee—the sweetest flower upon the stem of human nature and the highest incarnation of the heavenly and divine. The tradition of the God-man, the savior and the friend of his brethren, is the common bond of union between good and true men of all beliefs. Thus he sends the "Comforter," whose voice is always a human voice—*Vox Humana*.

The soul bows at this altar, and asks no higher shrine. It is the growing manhood of our time, coming out of brute life into an evolution of justice and brotherliness; coming out of the improvidence of selfishness into the large-hearted providence of sympathy and love—that is the only divine thing which our age needs or craves. The phantom god of the sectarians, the fierce Jehovah of Calvin, who sits on the outside of the world, seeing it go and scowling at his trembling creation, has fled before the footsteps of science, nor has he thought to leave his address. Thus mankind is fast outgrowing a Deity streaked with partiality and tainted with favoritism, with whom "kissing goes by favor," who pets and pampers a few of his children, turning his back on the rest. Our priests and theologians must make a better god or retire from the business. The human race demands a nineteenth century Deity.

Man is made in the creative image that he may complete the creative work. The higher power having done its best, it still remains for the lower power to respond. Ideally the sleepless providence which Jesus saw with the fine vision of the spirit—taking note of all, forgetting none and numbering the very hairs of our heads—is perfect now, and always has been. Practically, the most of the work has yet to be done, and it shares the imperfection of all human ministry. If the divine purpose in the world appears from time to time to stop or fail or turn aside, the fault is ours alone. To the eye of science the oak is all in the acorn; so the divine providence is seen by the ideal soul, just as Jesus and the poets, the prophets and moralists have declared; but it is a seed, not a tree. It is a floating vision, and it can only find shape and fulfillment through the free consent and concurrence of man. It is in the germ only, and so remains until man brings it forth by evolution. The education of man is the evolution of providence.

God declines to be held responsible for any of the evils under which we suffer. When we try to throw off our evils upon him he throws them back upon us and compels us to use our own powers to improve our conditions. Once when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister of England an epidemic of typhoid fever swept over a large district of country. Hun-

dreds sickened and died. A panic ensued, which the pietists improved after their own foolish fashion by telling the people that "Deity was angry with them and had sent the pestilence as a punishment because they did not keep holy the Sabbath day." A delegation of priests and bishops and other superfluous people visited the minister, asking him to appoint a day for fasting and prayer.

Palmerston, unmoved by this muddy torrent of superstition, replied: "This is the nineteenth century, not the ninth. Deity will not hear the prayers of the idle, nor will he become the providence of the shiftless. Why should the nation fast and pray when the power to remedy the evil lies in your own hands? God is not angry with you, but he ought to be. Go home; work as well as pray. Clean up your back yards and look to your drains." They did so and the pestilence ceased. Sanitary science, not prayer meetings, is what is needed in an epidemic of sickness. For science, that multiplies a thousand fold the powers of labor and the energies of man, comes forth to us a divine gift as truly as any Bible; nor does the infinite word of God reach us solely through a Jewish pinhole.

The responsibility for human progress rests on human shoulders. The movement of providence goes on as fast as man wills and works for it, and no faster. There is no destiny but what we frame for ourselves. There is no salvation but what we ourselves achieve. All lies in man's own hands. We make our fortunes and we call them fate. In the human soul is the latent God-power which must transform, uplift and redeem nature, till her cruel tragedies end in submission to the will of God, acting through the will of man. Like every other divine quality, providence is incarnated in humanity and waits to be put to service. The creative word becomes flesh in man. The race's redemption is locked up in the race's intelligence. Deity will not move the engine whose lever he has placed in our own grasp. The hand that hurts us is never the divine hand; it is always human—it is our own. We must become the masters, not the victims, of our earthly life. We must learn and obey the conditions of right existence. We must take the wild way of nature into our guiding hands and realize that every calamity is curable. This takes time—ages upon ages. There are a million failures to each success, but the one success endures.

Culture, spiritual culture, will absorb at length every cruel Gehenna, and change hell itself into sweetness and blessing. God is only where men find him. He dwells in the temple of the soul, so that the best man of the race can truly say: "I and the Father are one." The divine help comes to man through man. In the flesh and blood of each of us is planted the divine providence as a germ, a seed, which it is ours to bring forth

by evolution. Our brothers are the channels of the infinite friendliness. The overflowing sympathy of the heavenly Father can only reach man through man's heart and brain. A human agent or mediator goes with every wave of divine help. All forces, elective or vital, follow conductors. Nothing finite can touch the naked infinite. Deity is immediate only as he is in the human spirit which partakes of the divine, and the prayer that goes outward retreats from the only direct presence of God. He meets us only in the sanctuary of ourselves. Look not up for him; look not out for him; he is the inspiring life and soul of the race. He sinks into his willing children as the sunlight sinks into the flower, so that not an atom can question his right to be there. Only by listening close at his own heart does man begin to hear the beat of the heart eternal! As no good ever comes from closing one's eyes to the truth, men of culture should know that there is no God to help in the affairs of this world except the God and Father revealed by Jesus,—the inside God, the God latent in man and waiting to be evolved through man. Each human innermost is a molecule of God.

Now a word as to what are called "Special Providences." As the phrase is used by priests, there is and there can be no such thing. Outside of the sickly literature of devotees and Sunday schools it does not exist. The God of science and of true religion fills all space, penetrates every atom, and moves all from within. His only action is through universal law. His providence is over all, and therefore not partial to any. It does not care for persons, for a chosen race or for a special church. It does not appoint sailing days, insure steamers or choose staterooms. The action of Providence is constant and uniform, not now and then and here and there, but always and everywhere. It has no favorites, is never personal, and never gets angry, the priesthoods of the world to the contrary notwithstanding. When my petition made to the outside God wins reply, it is by awakening the kindly sympathy of a fellow-heart, here or in another sphere of being. This fellow-being then becomes the appointed almoner of God to me. But if my appeal moves no point of human touch, I gain no response. Every special providence since the foundation of the world has had a man behind it.

The unbroken silence of the heavens should long ago have taught this to man. A poor woman who was dragged half dead from the fatal flood of Johnstown, which had engulfed in a moment her five little innocent ones, said: "I have always been taught to believe in a special providence; now I know it is false." Every mother passing through a like experience would say the same. The goody god of the devotee is nowhere found in the hour of trial, and the fictioned faith that is based on special

providence vanishes like mist when brought to the test of practical experience. Until the sun shoots some special ray for you and the attraction of gravity makes an exception in your favor, count not on God doing so. Believers in special providence put personal meanings into universal principles and hang special interpretations on general laws. Not long since Mr. Moody, the evangelist, was crossing the Atlantic. Rough weather was encountered and some part of the machinery gave way. While the engineers labored at the repairs he had a prayer meeting in the cabin. The ship was staunch, and after a time of anxiety and peril the repairs were made and the ship went on her course. Mr. Moody, after the modest custom of his tribe, claimed the credit, intimating that his prayers saved the ship. But who believes that if he had been a passenger on the missing *Naronic* she would have reached her port? Such assumptions are only the symptoms of pharisaic egoism coming to a head, like a boil.

In the world of matter man was made to rule Nature and not to be crushed by her. As he learns more and more to control the natural forces about him, making use of them to correct the evils of soil and climate, providence in nature will begin to be evolved, malaria, parasites and venomous creatures will disappear, the deserts be fertilized, the climates ameliorated and all that is detrimental to man recede and pass away. By a wise study of his environment, and by devoting faithful effort to the improvement of the globe, there are no rude, blind forces in nature, no fatalities, no elemental stress which may not be overcome. The hard, remorseless powers, before which man at first seemed a mere helpless pawn in the blindfold game of necessity, he learns to govern and to guide. He yokes the river to his mill, steam to his car, lightning to his wire. Human worship began with man adoring the elements and ends with the elements adoring and obeying man. As he has tamed the electric fluid, so will he learn to control the earthquake, dissipate the cyclone, and say to the tornado or the storm, "Peace, be still."

Our destiny is begotten by ourselves. The earth is given to man. In all human affairs God works by human instruments, and he never interferes by supernatural means with the orderly action of his laws. The God-power that works for man works only through man. Above the sinking ship, the starving people, the burning city, the heavens remain serene and silent. No answer direct from the unseen and eternal has ever sounded in the ear of man in response to his long, childish wailing and begging for miraculous aid. It is humanity that embodies God, and any work for man's uplifting must be done by man and through man if done at all. In this new year of reason the grisly dogma of the churches

has become unthinkable, which teaches that an All-Benignant Father plants one of his children in the most favorable soil, giving health, wealth and every earthly good, while he whelms another in the bitter waves of poverty and pain, promising to make it up in the next world—perhaps. Man is fast learning that the only God who commits such injustices is in his own skin and is the monstrous phantom of human selfishness.

Man need not accuse his Creator of the evils that trouble the world. He has himself made them all, and he, with the divine uplift befriending him, must undo them all. There was not a fiend in the universe till man came to beget him. There is no hell for man except the hell in man, made by man, and never yet was there devil but sprouted from man.

Men are impatient at the slowness of God, but he can move no faster than they do, for man drives the divine chariot. Providence never gives bread to the hungry. He gives the wheat, man makes the flour and the loaf. The only bread-maker in the universe is man. Providence never gives clothes to the naked. He gives the wool on the sheep's back; man supplies the shears, loom and needle. The only cloth-maker in the universe is man. Providence never warms those who are cold. He gives the fuel in the forest and the coal in the mine; man must use ax and saw, must hew and chop, excavate and blast, procuring by an immense effort the heat that is vital to civilization and life; the true Prometheus, or fire-bringer, is man. God did not make the world; he only began making it, and left it to man to finish: just as he did not create the mellow apple, but only the harsh and bitter crab, from which man, co-laborer with the divine, has evolved the pleasant fruit. We are the children of the king, ignorantly denying our royal blood. The agents of the heavenly providence are not the priest, the saint, the pietist, absorbed in their selfish scramble for a puerile and imaginary heaven; but the farmer, the fisherman, the laborer, the scientist, the reformer, the inventor,—in a word, the producer. These are, however unconsciously, working with the creative power to repair the waste and blunders of ignorance, to diminish the evils that infest the planet, and to evolve at length the perfect providence.

Grains of sand scattered on a glass plate will arrange themselves in symmetrical figures upon the sounding of a musical note; but a human hand produces the note. The same hand must evoke the note that will one day arrange the world in symmetry and beauty and bring into lovely and harmonious forms these sand grains that are human beings, states and nations. Let men find providence where they found the steam engine and the telegraph, the reaper and the printing press—in the regnant, teeming, and

illuminated human brain. The evolution of providence is the gradual unfolding of the divine in human nature, the "God in man" unbinding himself, the "Word becoming flesh," and man in the neighbor possessing his God.

World's Fair Notes

Now we know. The medals are awarded, the judges are paid,—foreign judges, \$750; American judges, \$500. John Boyd Thatcher announces the result. There are 485 medals to be given for excellency in oil, water-color, pastels, and black and white work.

The award to France does not appear on the list as given in the morning paper. The United States come in for a goodly share; Great Britain and Germany follow with about the same proportion of commendations, Japan is well cared for, and Spain need not complain of being neglected. Why France does not show up is perhaps only a "press" mystery. Some typographical error, perhaps, on a large scale. For surely La Belle France should have these "medals" in abundance.

Possibly France declines them. They are not discriminating enough. "Equality, Fraternity" does not hold in art to the extent of awarding exactly the same sort of praise to each and all. The *Tribune* expresses the sort of disappointment the artists of all countries may be at this moment experiencing. Says that journal: "It is most unfortunate that Congress has not provided for medals that should designate comparative merit; for the bronze medals given by the Exposition are rendered of little value, first, because of the large number awarded, and second, because they confer no greater honor upon the artist who has produced a masterpiece than is conferred on the one who has barely escaped black-balling."

This is, indeed, "unfortunate," for it is to be noticed that no one of the forty-four or forty-five American painters who are to receive these bronze medals, can now tell whether his work has been unanimously designated as a "masterpiece," or was missed by a hair's-breadth by the fatal "black-ball."

There is room for two conjectures which would serve to keep up the debasing thought of equality of merit. It is within the possibilities that this entire lot of forty-five paintings barely missed the aforesaid black-ball; and then, there is room for the more comforting thought that each and every one of them won for its male creator—no woman's name appears on the list—from these foreign and native paid jurors the verdict of "masterpiece."

This is probably the "crumb of comfort" that Elihu Vedder, Eastman Johnson, George Inness, Thomas Eakins, and all the now immortal

forty-four will carry with them to their respective graves.

It is *perhaps* true that they have all been "medaled" by the infallible jurors of the Columbian Exposition of 1893, for having produced and there exhibited "masterpieces." Let them bedeck themselves and parade down the Midway Plaisance—"medals" and "decorations" are in abundance there—and, but that comparisons are sometimes odious, they can experience the satisfaction of furnishing an additional exhibit in connection with the numberless "artists" of that locality, all profusely "medaled," that might not inappropriately be designated as "Exhibit of Comparative Medalology."

Certain it is that no denizen of that region but would rush variantly to the encounter. For have they not all the crowned heads and potentates of Europe, Asia and Africa as their sponsors!

Another unfortunate circumstance, according to the *Tribune*, is the fact that no "honorable mention" has been provided for, which "would have afforded encouragement to many aspiring artists whose work is not of sufficient merit to justify a medal."

Yes; it is sad that the three or four thousand painters these appointed and paid supreme jurors have "black-balled" are left so completely out in the cold that they do not know positively whether or not they are worthy of even an "honorable mention."

This is one of the matters which Congress should certainly have made provision for. There is no excuse. Congress should be able to make reputations as well as money. The government's "flat" should be good anywhere.

However, there is consolation in the fact that many a "deserving" artist has been thus unwarrantably neglected and left to struggle on, and die, perhaps, like Millet—leaving works that were never "medaled" or "honorably mentioned," but which have somehow won their own way to the front, and are now to be seen only in "loan exhibits," where they are royally honored by the great public.

There have been politicians who have declared they were "speaking to posterity." It would not be well for artists to cherish this delusion—for delusion it has mostly been proven to be with the aspirants in the political field, at least. Probably Millet painted because he liked to, and not with an eye to rank in any salon or to the verdict of posterity. And so it comes to this. There is nothing final or absolute in the decisions of courts or juries so far as merit is concerned. Walt Whitman averred that he had nothing to say about the verdict either of the present or of the future on his work. He had done what seemed to him best for him to do, what he enjoyed and himself believed in, and so dismissed it—confident that it would win its own right place in the long

or short run (whichever it might be), and what more could he ask?

One thing more to be remarked is that this award of the Columbian Exposition to painters has been given for "excellency in painting." This is important. For if these expert judges have been intent solely or mainly on the skill in handling paint and the technique of pictures, why, then, the unmentioned artists can take to themselves courage and persevere, for the real significance or rank of their art has not been sat on.

S. H. M.

The Study Table

THE WILDERNESS HUNTER.*

For the hunter, the historian, and the lover of nature Mr. Roosevelt has written a book of exceeding interest. He has hunted in all sections of our broad land. The caribou he has tracked in the lonely recesses of the wild Selkirks; ridden after the hounds in the beautiful valley of the Genesee; chased the peccary amid the cacti of the Texan border; dared the grizzly and the cougar in their Rocky Mountain haunts, and stalked the wild goat "among the high mountains of the Kootenai country." During these years of extensive travel the author has been more than a mere hunter with eyes for the chase only. "To him who can understand the keen delight of hunting in lonely lands," he says, "there shall come in after years the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast snow-clad wastes lying desolate under gray skies; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain masses; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness; of its immensity and mystery, and of the silence that broods in its still depths." And in the case of our author, not only did all these things come to him in the hours of his lonely hunting, but what is very exceptional, the power came also to describe in a way that brings them home to the reader. Among American writers who have attempted to describe nature, few save Thoreau and Burroughs have been as successful as Mr. Roosevelt. His strokes are few, strong and masterful, and the picture he draws abides, so that next to having seen this wild land in all its terror and beauty—which, how few can do!—the best recourse is to read "The Wilderness Hunter."

In after generations when our wildernesses and our border life are no more, this book, together with the "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," by the same author, will be cherished as original documents of the highest merit. For here is a man who sees things as they are and sets down his

*THE WILDERNESS HUNTER. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 470; \$3.50.

observations without refracting embellishments. The habits and characteristics of animals he describes with the accuracy of a trained naturalist, while his sketches of the life of the cowboy, the soldier, and the hunter would be acceptable to the most exacting historian.

The book is excellent reading for boys in whom the love of adventure is strong, and equally desirable for men in whom hardihood and daring have been all but extinguished by enervating comforts and luxuries. We may sing of those who "name the birds without a gun," and rejoice at all increasing regard for life, but we must not forget that a land cannot be the abode of both man and grizzly, and that if a thickly peopled country is a thing to rejoice in, then the dauntless hunter, fearing neither danger nor hardship, is a man to praise. While the book in hand contains passages which make the heart of the pitiful sad, its influence, could it widely prevail, would tend greatly toward the preservation of our noble game. Our hunter himself killed, and insists upon the right of killing, only under conditions which, if generally observed, would insure the perpetuity of the animals he hunted. Not by such men, but by the brutal crowd who kill indiscriminately for a paltry recompense, is the great game of this land threatened with extinction.

MARKLEY TSCHUDI.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY: Sermons and Addresses by the late Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A., with a short memoir by Frances E. Cooke. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 325; 6s.—The interesting memoir prefixed to this volume of sermons and addresses gives us a glimpse of a very modest, noble and devoted life. It might have been said of Russell Lant Carpenter, as Dr. Martineau said of his father: "I have never seen in any human being the idea of duty, the feeling of right, held in such visible reverence. There was no such thing as a dead particle in his faith; it was instinct with life in every fiber." To read of such a man is always profitable, however briefly. In his funeral sermon the Rev. H. S. Solly called upon his hearers to remember Mr. Carpenter if ever they were tempted to shun disagreeable subjects, or to profess no interest in questions that deeply concerned their fellow creatures, merely because their own homes were happy, and such troubles "did not enter into the immediate circle of their lives." How hard it was for him to take hold of such disagreeable subjects few ever knew, but he was never found backward in doing so. An instance of this was seen in his connection with the Contagious Diseases Acts. At first he shrank very decidedly from meddling in any way with a matter so repugnant to all his tastes and feelings. But when finally persuaded by such women as Josephine Butler,

Harriet Martineau and Florence Nightingale that it was his duty to labor with them, he put aside at once and forever every temptation to shrink from the work, and bore his cross bravely for sixteen years. His sermons show the deep interest he felt in all that concerns the life of the people and their true prosperity. They are practical, and related to the life that now is, as well as to that which is to come. One of the strongest is devoted to England's Responsibility for the Opium Traffic, and is a document well worth circulating. If anything could bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the nation it seems that this indictment would do so.

H. T. G.

THE MAGAZINES.

To the editor, the most interesting articles in the August *Forum* are the first two of the series on an inside view of daily journalism. All these are by men who are or have been managing editors, and the table given by Mr. Speed makes a telling commentary upon the tone of Mr. Miller's article, when it is remembered that Mr. Miller is the editor of *The Times* under the new regime. Perhaps, however, some bias should be allowed for, in view of the fact that it was about twelve years ago that Mr. Speed ceased to be managing editor of a daily paper. Mr. Speed's paper seems, nevertheless, a very just criticism of existing newspaper methods, and suggests an early reform. Professor J. J. McCook analyzes a tramp census, and makes some valuable suggestions. Dr. Billings pours out statistics in reference to "Municipal Sanitation in Washington and Baltimore" at a rate that makes it difficult to digest them; but the apparent lack of evil results attributable to the absence of sewers from Baltimore is certainly striking. Professor Ebers attributes great influence in character formation to solitude, but the illustration of goose and eagle, lamb and lion, by which he seeks to introduce if not to enforce this truth, seems rather absurd. The important question of the hour, the silver question, is discussed by Messrs. Horace White and E. O. Leach, who naturally conclude that the Sherman law must be repealed as soon as possible. The danger of hasty tariff legislation is treated by a large wire manufacturer.

IN LEND A HAND for August the most important paper is Rev. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer's address delivered at the World's Congress of Charities, Correction and Philanthropy, on "Social Responsibility Toward Child-Life," an address that everyone interested in civics and philanthropy (which, at the least, should mean every educated adult) should read. Although not professing to go into any detail, it is as full of information as it is of suggestion. In another World's Congress paper Anna L. Dawes emphasizes the growing need

of professional training for charities administrators. Dr. Hale's memorial of Col. R. F. Auchmuty calls attention to the admirable work for humanity which that practical philanthropist did in establishing schools to teach trades.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy contribution to the August *Unitarian* is the paper in which Rev. Henry C. Badger calls attention to the book, "Verbum Dei," and the oral utterances of the brilliant young London minister, Robert F. Horton, whose recent appointment to the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching, at Yale, seems to portend a great theological broadening in the Yale Divinity School. Among other strong utterances which Mr. Badger quotes, we find the following:

Nothing can surpass the futility and, in the end, the mischief of the dogmatic appeal, made with dull vehemence and harsh unreason, on the ground of Biblical authority, to those who are really waiting for evidence that the Bible is authentic or true, consistent or convincing; inspired or authoritative.

S. C. Selden's article on "Unity" is suggestive, and we are tempted to quote the passage in which he refers to the common content of religion and science:

But at length man passes this stage of his history, and begins to investigate, as well as wonder and worship. He looks from another standpoint, not yet seeing that, after all, it is the same. He now gives that which is not understood the name of nature, and calls his investigation science, without a suspicion that he is seeking the same goal by another road. His intellect seeks the cause, his sensibility recognizes the operation, and his will regulates or modifies the effect. Cause, operation, and effect in science correspond to Father, Spirit, and Son in religion, and each is alike dependent upon the law of mind.

THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN grows steadily stronger. We do not mean that the editorial and contributed matter in the late issues is intrinsically superior to that of the earlier numbers, for Mr. Chaney's first work was so good in itself that it would be hard to improve upon it. But as the months pass there is evident a more and more perfect adaptation to the environment. We remember that the first number seemed to us admirably adapted to its purpose—missionary work; and that the third number impressed us particularly in its happy adaptation to *Southern* work; but though we did not then appreciate the fact, it was rather for the South than by the South. This is no longer true. The present number—that for August—has the unmistakable, albeit indescribable, flavor of the South. It is indeed a paper of the South, for the South, and by the South, and as such we are doubly glad to have its comradeship in the work of promoting a simple, unfettered, natural religion. Mr. Free's sermon on the inspiring text, "All things work together for

good to them that love God,"—is a model of simple, manly, undogmatic religious faith.

IN WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE for August, Lillian Whiting's article on "The Enlargement of Relations" is one we should like all our readers to see. Walter Deming's study of "The Mental Characteristics of the Japanese" is also interesting.

IN THE OPEN COURT of August 10, Gen. M. M. Trumbull has an article on "The Ethics of Legal Tender," in which he urges that the true solution of the financial trouble is the entire abolition of the "legal tender" quality of money, leaving common media of exchange to their market value.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for August 12 has an article from the Church Quarterly Review, entitled "Five Years of Documentary Discovery," which is of special interest to the church historian and Biblical critic.

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Any book you want, loaned to you, in city or country, anywhere in the United States, for as long or as short a time as you want it, at an average cost of *only one cent a day*, is the offer of The American Co-operative Library, recently organized in New York. This undertaking successfully carried out will give book-readers *everywhere* better facilities than heretofore enjoyed outside of the reach of less than a dozen of the largest libraries in the principal cities. Books can be ordered either direct from New York, through neighborhood book clubs, or from country postmasters, newsdealers, booksellers, or others who will act as agents. A 160-page catalogue is sent free to any applicant inclosing a two-cent stamp; members of the Library are not limited to this, but may order *any book in current literature* suitable for general circulation. Any further information will be sent free on request. Address THE AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE LIBRARY, 57 Rose street, New York.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

THE GERM PLASM: A Theory of Heredity. By August Weismann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 476; \$2.50.

PAULA FERRIS. By Mary F. Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 276; \$1.25.

DEATH A DELUSION. By John Page Hopps. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 45; one shilling.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: WAS HE A CHRISTIAN? By John E. Remsburg. New York: The Truthseeker Company. Paper, 12mo., pp. 336; 50 cents.

THE PASSING SHOW. By Richard Henry Savage. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Paper, 12mo., pp. 326; 50 cents.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. By Edward King. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 12mo., pp. 365; 50 cents.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE. By Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo., pp. 103; 25 cents.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God is the ideal my actual can never overtake.

MON.—A moral enthusiasm is our deepest need.

TUES.—Sincerity is the basis of strength.

WED.—We are to enact truth, beauty, deity, each in his several way.

THURS.—Truth is no statement, but a spirit and living love.

FRI.—The soul is atmosphere, not core.

SAT.—Revelation must be balanced by secretiveness, a principle of equal worth, and not to be confounded with hypocrisy.

—C. A. Bartol.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;

Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give!

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing.

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring;

What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?

What if no bloom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

—Rose Terry Cook.

A MEMORY.

It was our last ride. Don, Daisy, and Dolly were feeling finely, for they did not wonder as did we, their riders, when we three should meet again to ride together in the lovely twilight. Dolly was the pony, and she always liked to get in between the two big horses, for she evidently loved them. We started first up the Boulevard and cantered through the park on the equestrian path, which seemed to belong to us.

As it grew darker the lights came out one by one, and finally, as we neared the World's Fair grounds, the dome of the Administration Building, with its crown of glory, shone above us against the dark-blue sky. Don's rider was fond of the side shows on Stony Island avenue, so by one consent we turned toward them. We rode along, with the large, quiet buildings of that new university, which will sometime eclipse all others, on our left, and on our right the noisy Plaisance, with its crowd of people loitering here and there.

Soon we came upon the Chinese theater. We turned the horses near

the fence, and, looking over, saw the whole show for nothing. Such a noise as came out of that one small room! The actors screamed, each holding a key of his own different from the others, which he never changed. Then, at irregular intervals of a few seconds, a bell was sounded, possibly to mark the rhythm, though of this we could not be sure. Daisy's rider thought he could make as good music as that with two cats and a cow-bell,—and we started on.

Then we came to Stony Island Avenue, where the shouts and cries of men telling of the wonderful attractions of their particular shows were enough to drive one crazy. First, we caught the tones of an open-air preacher anxiously exhorting his hearers, with the use of very bad English, to turn from their paths of wickedness. A little farther was a dime-museum, or beauty-show, with a part of it outside, surrounded by a wondering crowd. Then came a tin-type gallery, and the Siege of Chattanooga. Daisy's rider declared he had not seen a tin-type gallery since the days of his youth and had supposed the species to be entirely extinct, but we assured him that they had been flourishing right along ever since. Even we ourselves had had pictures taken at a similar gallery not many years ago.

From the noise and confusion of Stony Island Avenue we came to the side of the quiet lake, and watched the pretty picture made by the boats with their many colored lights.

After that we had a long lope across the Boulevard, Dolly coming out ahead, which made Daisy feel rather sad, since she knew she could have beaten if her rider had allowed. The electric lights, shining through the trees, made weird shadows on the road, and looked like little brownies jumping up and down. After saying good-by to Don and his rider, we trotted slowly homeward, feeling regretful that the last of our lovely rides had come to an end.

EDITH ENDICOTT MAREAN.

A STORY FROM THE LATE WAR.

Just after the battle of Bull Run, six men were found close together on the bloody field with seven of their legs needing immediate amputation.

One by one they were gathered up and carried on an improvised stretcher to the surgeon's table. When it came Corporal Tanner's turn he was rolled over on the stretcher, lifted up, and carried away. But now came the moment of trial. The rude stretcher was far too short for his none too long body in its original state, but both of his legs being broken now dangled over the rear end of the stretcher. Just then his head dropped over a little at the other end, and he saw under the blanket, both of his feet swaying in the air, as the men moved off.

The corporal was true grit, and before they had gone ten feet, yelled

out at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for the old flag."

Brave on the battle field, brave among the wounded, calm on the surgeon's table, where both legs were amputated, a patient sufferer for many months in the hospital, he slowly came back to health and strength minus his legs below the knees.

One day a lady visitor came into the hospital and with her genial smile called here and there at the cots, giving a few words of cheer to each soldier. When she saw the poor pale-faced corporal she lingered a little longer than usual and left a tract for him to read. The name of the tract was "The Folly and Sin of Dancing." As soon as his eyes caught the title he called her back, lifted his hand and said: "Madam, I promise you upon the honor of a soldier I never will dance as long as I live."

The lady thanked him for the promise, but had no knowledge of his disabilities.

The other five men had their turn on the bloody table of the surgeon, and then the six men were placed in a small hospital tent about nine feet square, without couch, pillow, blanket, bandages, water, food, or attendance; suffered, groaned, and endured about as much agony as the same number of human beings ever suffered on a spot of that size.

But they were not alone; a comrade near by, with a part of his side torn away, pitied the poor men in the little tent, and though fatally wounded himself, determined to relieve them in a measure.

Some distance away was an orchard, and under those trees were a few miserable, scrawny apples, which would do something toward quenching thirst and relieving the pangs of hunger. But he could not stand, and was far too weak to walk, if once erect. He could not roll over, his torn side would not permit of that, and so crawling along with one hand and one foot he finally reached the apples, gathered a few, and made his way back to the tent. His comrades had hardly eaten the few he had gathered when Tanner saw that the man was in convulsions, and in a few moments was dead. His last efforts were given for others, and he died in doing good. Was he not a hero of royal lineage?

—American Youth.

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake

Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

—John G. Whittier.

The Sunday School

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

READ AT THE SUMMER INSTITUTE
HELD AT UNITY BUILDING, 286
WOODLAWN TERRACE, CHICAGO,
AUG. 7-18, 1893.

Of the seventy circulars of inquiry sent out by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Society, asking for statistics of their schools from the various superintendents in the Northwest, twenty-two have been returned with answers.

Of the schools reporting, there is one from North Dakota, one from South Dakota, one from Kansas. Sioux Falls, Fargo, and Wichita each reports a reasonable condition. Wichita shows interest in the work and sufficient zeal to insure success. Iowa is represented by Humboldt and Sioux City. Humboldt is doing well. Sioux City always brings in an enrollment that puts the other schools to the blush and sustains its reputation in all other directions. Michigan is represented by Kalamazoo, Grand Haven, and the Holland Sunday School of Grand Rapids—all of them in a reasonably prosperous condition. Minnesota sends reports from Luverne, Duluth, and Winona; this last school reporting an enrollment and attendance to take pride in. From Illinois we have Geneva, Moline, South Evanston, Sheffield and All Souls Church, Chicago. South Evanston is the baby school, having been added to the family circle since our last summer meeting. It is still in its infancy, as to size as well as years, but the care it is sure of in this energetic little parish insures it a healthful career. Wisconsin is the banner State as to number reporting. Six schools send their statistics: Baraboo, Hillside, Eau Claire, Madison, Menomonie, and Milwaukee.

Of the large number of schools failing to report, we know by past experience that there are many good and strong schools that are doing excellent work. We will trust that it was forgetfulness and not lack of interest that will account for the omission.

As to the subject-matter of such reports as have been received, we hear the familiar complaints: "Not enough teachers," "lack of interest on the part of parents," "no suitable text books for the smallest children." These are problems not likely to be solved at once. In individual schools your Secretary knows good work is being done in methods of instruction for the infant classes. That such work might spread is greatly to be desired.

Moline, Ill., reports, in addition to its Sunday-school work, an auxiliary society called "Little Women," organized last February, which has bought chairs for the kindergarten, and is now working toward a library fund.

In Evanston the Sunday school is saving its pennies toward a church building fund. Reports of money raised by the various Sunday schools show that the larger portion is expended in the current expenses of the school; but it is also evident that a large number are doing outside missionary work in addition to these home duties. Charity, Indian schools, Kindergarten, Meadville Theological School are all mentioned as recipients of these funds; one Sunday school sent its organist to the Columbian Exposition.

One line of missionary work, the full report of which can only be obtained from examining the Treasurer's report at the annual meeting in May, is the valuable assistance rendered to the Sunday School Society. Seventeen different Sunday schools contributed an aggregate of \$195.00 to this society. The largest amount given by any one school was \$25.00; the smallest, \$2.00.

It is pleasant to observe a growing feeling that this is one of the duties to be attended to with annual regularity. There is hardly a Sunday school that could not send at least \$5.00 annually to this fund, and it is hoped that the number of small schools who will contribute to that extent will increase year by year. Good work in the Sunday School Society can only be realized through missionary zeal, as our constituency is too small to expect a self-supporting basis for this organization for many years to come. Annual memberships on the part of teachers and scholars is an easy and simple way to help this work, and it is greatly to be desired that all of our old friends and as many new ones as we can find should contribute in this way to the growing and ever-present needs of the society.

The long looked for book, "Beginnings," edited by our President, Rev. A. W. Gould, from Henry Doty Maxson's notes, is in the hands of the printer, and will soon be for sale by the society. This will be the permanent form of the first year's work of the "Six Years' Course." It comprises work in an entirely new and original direction, and is especially interesting for scholars of all ages.

MARION H. PERKINS,
Sec. W. U. S. S. S.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

SECOND WEEK.

MONDAY, AUG. 14. Mr. Fenn began the discussion of Jesus' thought of the kingdom of Heaven by reading from Holmes' poem to Burns, and offering for the inspection of the class two pictures, as representing two different phases of Jesus' thought. Hofmann's picture of "Jesus and the Children" presents Jesus with a smile on his face, which fact made it unique. The receptivity of the child, love without wiles, unconscious growth, represented this phase of the

thought. Raphael's "Transfiguration" shows another phase of Jesus' thought concerning the kingdom. After the great crisis in his life, represented in the Caesarea Philippi episode, he may have accepted the idea of the suffering Messiahship, that was to triumph through death. This conception of the Messiahship involved the second coming—a dramatic harvest-time. This two-fold idea of the Kingdom of Heaven was the subject of the interesting discussion that filled in the morning session, involving the truth implied in the story of the transfiguration and the Palm Sunday account.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15. Hofmann's "Cleansing of the Temple," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," and Angelo's "Crucifixion" introduced a study of the closing week in the life of Jesus. It was a morning of absorbing interest which led to the consideration of the Last Supper, the Trial, and the Crucifixion, with critical examination of the records of the same. The discussion was participated in by Revs. Sunderland, Gould, Jones and others.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16. Readings from Arthur Hugh Clough's "Shadow" and "Easter Day" introduced the discussion of the resurrection. The incredible part of the story Mr. Fenn thought to be of Galilean growth, springing from the fact of an empty tomb found by the women.

According to a tradition preserved in John, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had previously embalmed the body and buried it, and this was unknown to the women. The resurrected Jesus became the center of Paul's teaching and one of the fertile inspirations of the church. The discussion took a wide range,—considering the growth of miracles, their place in the early history of all religions, and how to deal with them in teaching children the New Testament story.

The study session was followed by a brief business meeting, at which the Secretary of the Sunday School Society, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins, read the annual report, found in another column. Again the few workers were thrown back upon the consolations of the minority. How few people, even of those who ought to be and who might be interested, really show their interest. Yet with this very few, the Western Sunday School Society has persisted through its twenty years of history, and has accomplished something very real. It has indeed been a very little candle, but like little candles it has thrown its beams afar.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17. This morning's study was introduced by a reading from Whittier's poem, "Our Master." Raphael's picture of the death of Ananias formed the basis of a study of the Early Church, which was described as being "simply the expansion of the little band of apostolic company, with the dominant spirit of Jesus supreme." This pic-

ture showed it to be a church of power, a church of purity, a church of the communal life, and a church of democracy. The non-hierarchical origin of the church was dwelt upon. The identity of the bishop and the presbyter shown. Both words did not mean much more than what in modern phrase is represented by "parish committee."

The discussion of the "Pentecostal spirit" and the "gift of tongues" led to a consideration of the character and message of Stephen. He was characterized as an underestimated man. He was, to Paul, something of what John was to Jesus. In him the broader church had its beginning. His death scattered the apostles, and the scenes shift from Antioch to Jerusalem, and from thence spread to Ephesus and Rome.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18. The last day was a fitting climax to the high thinking and frank utterance of the fortnight's work. Paul, always an inspiring theme to the thoughtful, never glowed with more power, or stirred the minds of those present with more potency than he did in the hands of Mr. Fenn this morning. For the first time the leader brought to his aid a manuscript and read a lecture, which ought to be made available to all those who will undertake to teach this course of lessons and to many more. Starting with Raphael's picture of "Paul Preaching in Athens," the leader traced the growth of Paul's ideals, and showed how through him the Jew and Greek mind mingled in early Christianity. This union is typified in the very fact that the language of the New Testament is Greek while its thought is germinally Jewish. Paul's inconsistency with himself was brought out in illustration of the splendid, spontaneous and fiery character that he was.

At the close, Mr. Gould, the chairman, expressed for the company present, the great satisfaction in the work done for them during this course by Mr. Fenn. His words were heartily seconded by all present.

Thus ended the seventh Institute held under the auspices of the Western S. S. Society,—the fourth mid-summer venture. Again was realized the old promise, always inspiring, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," etc. Interest is independent of numbers. The best things often get themselves said in small companies. The venture was, on the face of it, a daring one. Right within sight of the gates of "The White City" this little company gathered for ten forenoons, for quiet consideration of the great themes not related to time and place. As suggested by one of the members, it was of itself a sort of Columbian venture. We voyaged in waters unknown and terrible in the estimation of the great mass of Christendom, but it was in the interests of the continents of faith farther on,—the future land of a rational religion, a

life-forming faith consistent with the results of science, critical study, and the ethical needs of man.

The attendance scarcely held its own, though during the week we gladly welcomed as additions representatives of our workers at Ann Arbor, Champaign, Janesville and Quincy, besides the sojourners at Unity building from the eastward.

The direct results in the estimate of those present amply justified the effort; but the indirect result—in the way of giving coherency, definiteness and momentum to the fourth year's work in "The Six Years' Course," as it is to be developed in the future lesson-papers of Mr. Fenn in UNITY, and applied in the careful year's work in the Sunday schools which take up the study—will be the greater justification.

E. T. L.

Correspondence

WHY THEY DON'T COME.

EDITOR UNITY: Some one writing for UNITY says, "Why don't they come?"—i. e., to the World's Fair. I do not know why the bankers and merchants and officeholders, etc., don't "come" (if they don't), for they have got all the money; but I can tell that earnest inquirer why the farmers do not. We want to come, but we cannot. There's the long and short of it, bitter though it is. With wheat at 45 cents per bushel and but half an average crop in their bins, and debts coming due in September, and everything perishing with drouth, and the hopeless future before them, there is no way for the farmers but the hard way of sacrifice. And nobody cares.

CAMPERDOWN.

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REFERENCES.—W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.; ex-Governor Fifer, Bloomington, Ill.; Col. W. D. Parker, Normal, Ill.; and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago, Ill.

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Notes from the Field

Western Unitarian Conference.—A special meeting of the directors of the W. U. C. was held at the headquarters on Friday afternoon, August 18. Present: Messrs. Shorey, Blake, Crothers, Effinger, Fenn, Gould, Hosmer, Jones, MacFadon, Milsted, Miss Hultin and Mrs. Woolley. The records of the last meeting were read and approved. The committee appointed to confer and report upon a nominee for the Secretaryship for the coming year then made report through its chairman, President Shorey, recommending Rev. Arthur M. Judy, of Davenport. Mr. Judy was subsequently elected to the office of Secretary, with salary of \$2,500 a year. On motion of Mr. Gould, the additional sum of \$75 was appropriated toward defraying expenses of the Unitarian exhibit at the World's Fair. The Treasurer, Mr. MacFadon, made report for the month, which was accepted and placed on file. Adjourned, subject to call of the President.

F. L. HOSMER, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.—Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, Minn., and Rev. Mr. Horst, of Pittsfield, Mass., are in the city, the guests of Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah. During Mr. Fenn's absence in the East, where he will attend the meeting of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, his pulpit will be supplied as follows: Aug. 27, Rev. David Utter, of Salt Lake City; Sept. 3 and 10, Rev. W. F. Greenman, of Fitchburg, Mass. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, editor of *The Unitarian*, Rev. J. L. Marsh, of Saco, Maine, who has done much to extend the liberal faith in the New England States, Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. G. W. Buckley, of Sturgis, Mich., Rev. J. C. Mitchell, of Wilton, N. H., and Rev. C. F. Niles, formerly of West Superior, who has just received a unanimous call to Menomonie, Wis., as well as Rev. Ida C. Hultin, who is spending the summer here and taking an active part in the various congresses,—are now in the city, and Rev. Chas. G. Ames is expected daily.

Hillside, Wis.—The many readers of UNITY interested in the Hillside Home School will be glad to know of its continued prosperity. Additional buildings on the farm end of the school are going up during the vacation in the way of a carriage house and additional barn room. Two additional teachers will be added to the faculty on the opening of the term. Miss Florence Hendershot, of Cleveland, comes to meet a growing demand for a teacher of the violin. Miss Hattie Bradley, of Englewood, Ill., will assist in primary and intermediate classes. Miss Alice Warren, of Hinsdale, Ill., has been engaged to take the place of Miss McMinn, who, after four years of faithful work, withdraws in order to further pursue her studies. Each of these teachers has had special training in the art of teaching as well as a broad general culture, and they come to their work highly recommended. Notwithstanding the general financial depression pervading the country the prospects of the school have never been as bright as now. Wise parents realize that it is poor economy to retrench upon lines which relate so closely to the future well-being of their children

as those which have to do with their early education.

New York, N. Y.—The lectures having ceased for the season, the New York Ethical Culture Society is quiescent except in its charities department. The Young Men's Union is collecting and disbursing the Fresh-Air Fund this season. Chickering Hall is no longer to be the assembly place of the society. It expects to meet in Carnegie Music Hall until it has a home of its own.

Menomonie, Wis.—This society, which for several months has been without a minister, has now secured the services of Rev. C. F. Niles, formerly of West Superior, who has decided to accept the unanimous call extended to him by the Menomonie Church.

Spokane, Wash.—Rev. E. M. Fairchild, the Andover graduate whose entrance into the Unitarian ministry gave rise to so much discussion, was at the Unitarian Headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, last week, on his way to take charge of the Spokane church.

London, Eng.—Rev. Prof. Marks, D. D., who for fifty-one years has been at the head of the only Reformed Jewish congregation in this city, has retired from his position in the Berkeley Street Synagogue, to be succeeded by Rev. Morris Joseph as senior, and Rev. Isidore Harris as junior minister. The *Chicago Israelite* remarks that Rabbi Joseph's published sermons and the reforms he has introduced in the Hampstead Synagogue show his fitness for the honorable position he is to fill.

Kolozsvár, Hungary.—We learn from the *Inquirer* that Rev. S. J. Barrows on his way home from the East stopped at Kolozsvár, where he made a very happy impression upon the Unitarians of that place, whose guest he was. He addressed the consistory, and at the conclusion of his speech Bishop Ferencz proposed that Mr. Barrows be elected an honorary member, a suggestion which was most graciously received. Mr. Barrows seems especially to have enjoyed his visit to the Unitarian patriarch, Dr. Samuel Brassai, who is 93 years of age. Professor Boros, in his letter to the *Inquirer*, speaks most highly of Mr. Barrows' "singular modesty, his graceful manners, his powerful eloquence, his quick appreciation of everything good and kind, and his deep knowledge of classical and modern art and science."

The Voice from Bulgaria.—Mr. E. S. Yovtcheff, favorably known to many of our UNITY readers, East and West, as a gentleman of culture who has been compelled to seek the American shores for freedom's sake, has been meeting with encouraging success as a lecturer upon Eastern subjects at the Chautauqua circles this winter. The New England Assembly Daily, reporting his success at South Framingham, says:

"No more instructive and interesting lecturer has come upon the grounds than Mr. Yovtcheff. Although he speaks with a slight accent, yet every word can be understood. He is a thorough master of English and speaks with the utmost care. His lectures received widespread commendation. In private life Mr. Yovtcheff is a charming gentleman. We commend him to all Chautauqua assemblies."

From extended acquaintance and

growing interest in this gentleman we gladly extend the commendation to the Unity Clubs who may be arranging for lectures this winter. By the aid of costumes and other illustrative matter, Mr. Yovtcheff speaks to the eye as well as the ear. Among his topics are: "The Social Life of the Turks," "Bulgaria, the Apple of Discord," "The Czar and the Jew."

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The first year's work, "Beginnings," originally prepared by the lamented Henry Doty Maxson, and upon which Mr. Gould has been working for the past year, has gone to the printer and will be ready for sale by the first of September. Price 25 cents, postpaid, or \$2.50 per dozen. The Western Sunday School Society is prepared to take advance orders. Those interested are requested to send orders as soon as possible, so that the book may be in their hands by the opening of Sunday School in the autumn.

M. H. PERKINS, Secretary.

175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

LIBERTY AND LIFE. By E. P. Powell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe Street. Cloth, 208 pp. 50 cents.—We welcome most heartily this cheap edition of Mr. Powell's inspiring little book, which, in a more expensive form, has before been noticed in these columns. We trust it will have many new readers in its more democratic dress. Mr. Powell is the preacher of a genuine gospel; and his words are no less searching and effective because, in these latter days, they are not always spoken in the pulpit, but weekly, to a quarter of a million readers in a great daily newspaper, and occasionally, through helpful and thoughtful books, to a public which, if not large, is growing from year to year, and is heartily appreciative of his uplifting thought. We need not here review this book in detail. Its object is practical, rather than speculative. It is rationally optimistic and thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit in its treatment of the problems of our daily life. Our author finds hope and promise in the teachings of modern science and the doctrine of evolution that the religion of the future will be loftily theistic in its conception of the Infinite Power which is the life of the universe, and lend rational sanctions to the belief in personal continuance hereafter.

—*Christian Register.*

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